[Vol. 1] THE [No. 24.]

WEEKLY VISITANT.

"OURS ARE THE PLANS OF FAIR DELIGHTFUL PEACE,
"UNWARP'D BY PARTY RAGE, TO LIVE LIKE BROTHERS."

SALEM—SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 14, 1806.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE VISITANT.

Many people profess firmly to believe in the doctrine of Ghosts, or super-natural appearances of human forms, &c. while others totally deny the possibility of any such phenomena, and insist, that although we cannot philosophically account for all appearances of this kind, there is a natural principle which produces them. There have been many people, no doubt, frighted into the belief that they have seen ghosts, when persons of more resolution would have pursued their speculations so far as to have discovered, that what occasioned their surprize was quite an *inanimate* object. The apparitions occasioned by vapour, might alarm any person who was not acquainted with the principles on which they are produced.—I have lately met with the following account of such appearances, which I have transcribed, with the hope that you will give it a place in the Visitant. Z.

THE EFFECTS OF VAPOUR.

The "Spectre of the Broaken," (see page 37 of the Visitant, No. 5,) reminds us of an attempt to unfold the *natural* causes of *apparitions* and *second-sight*, related of the inhabitants of North Wales, and the Scotch Highlands. It is necessary we should observe, of all things, that smoke, or misty vapours, are susceptible of the reflection of rays of light, and capable of producing shadowy images, representing figures of human beings, of animals, of castles, &c.

In autumn, and in spring, a thick fog lies frequently, towards night, on rivers, bogs, morasses, lakes, and damp districts. If, now, a person go towards such a place, covered with misty vapours, particularly in an easterly direction, the shadow of such a person, or of other objects behind him, may be reflected by such vapours, as by a mirror, which will make him imagine that a black man, or any other object, is coming towards him; and which suddenly disappears, when he comes too near the place where this phantom is formed by reflection. We may see the same phenomenon in a darkened apartment, which is strongly fumigated, so as to be entirely filled with smoke, as with a fog. If several persons, the hindmost of whom carries a lighted taper in his hand, enter such an apartment, the shadows of the foremost will be reflected by the smoke, and several black men will seem to be standing in the room. This apparition dissolves as soon as the foremost person takes the

candle in his hand, because the efficient cause of the reflection ceases. Watery vapours form a mirror, like superfiices, which, if backed by a dark body, represent a kind of looking-glass, that reflects the image of a person standing in front. Such vapours collect frequently in cloaths-presses, which stand in damp places. Now if they be opened by a person, he may easily happen to see his own image by the reflection of these vapours. The shadowy image disappears, however, instantly again ; because the draught of air, which is produced by the opening of these presses, changes the situation of the vapours, and thereby destroys their proper reflection. The same may happen in thick forests, from the same causes of pent up vapours, and disappear by change of position in the person, the light, or the atmosphere.

ZAMBECCARI'S AERIAL TOUR.

[*Concluded.*]

But shipwreck awaited them in the very port. The balloon descended in a crooked direction ; part of it yielding to the weight and part to the force of the wind. No sooner had the anchor fastened, than the cable became entangled ; and the car received a blow which inclined the balloon so much sideways, that the inflammable spirits were spilt. The flame spread immediately about the car, which was unfortunately wet with what had thus run over. Enveloped in flame, and confused by the suddenness of the danger, the travellers had not the presence of mind to increase the ascending power instantly, to the necessary degree for preventing a further inclination downwards. The balloon fell with its whole weight to the earth ; and this new and violent shock caused a still greater overflow of the spirits that fed the flame already raging. To this was added the calamity of the fire reaching a bottle containing about thirty pounds of spirits, which suddenly kindled with a loud report. The considerable diminution of the weight occasioned the machine to rebound upward with great vehemence, while the anchor still kept it from an ascent. The fall, the shock, and the rebound, were the work of a moment. The entangled cord threatened to break the rudder in pieces. Two men climbed up the ropes, and tried in this manner to hold the balloon. In the mean time the adventurers, surrounded by fire in the air, cried out to those below to pull the ropes. Their clothes and instruments, the net, and the ropes of the car, all were on fire. Zambeccari poured a bottle of water over his head, and by that means succeeded so far as to extinguish the fire immediately around him. His companion, in order to save himself, quickly climbed down by the cable ; but, from his haste, and the violent shaking, he lost his hold, was tossed against some object, and fell very heavily to the ground. As the balloon had in this manner suddenly lost so much weight, it shook about and drove upwards with a violence that was no longer to be restrained. The two men who had climbed up to it, and had been terrified by Andreoli's fall, could no longer resist the violent agitation of the cords, and were flung backwards. At that instant the machine rose with a frightful rapidity. The tottering of the car caused by the shock still continued ; it might be easily perceived, and appeared to all the spectators to forebode no good. As long as the eye could follow Zambeccari, he was seen occupied in freeing his clothes from the fire, and in extinguishing or throwing out as well as he could every thing burning which surrounded him. But the balloon was soon entirely out of sight ; it mounted to an astonishing height, and was driven north-westward. This whole catastrophe was the work of three minutes.

In spite of the equilibrium being thus destroyed, which had been sought for with so much diligence, Zambeccari did not lose his courage ; but what resources could even genius and industry offer him in so desperate a situation? He hovered about at such a monstrous height, that, in his own language, the clouds appeared to him like an abyss. How high he really went, he could

not possibly ascertain, as his barometer was broken by the fall; but his hands, which were already in a bad condition, suffered the severest cold. However, he did not rise quite so high as might reasonably have been expected. He looked about him; and concluded from the laxity of the lower part of the machine, that it admitted of a greater expansion. A bladder filled with air, which he had still in reserve, gave him moreover a tolerably accurate measure for the expansion of the balloon at that time, which had even at this dreadful height some folds. These marks satisfied him of the danger of any sudden fall by the sides of the balloon coming together.

While he was thus suspended between hope and fear, a gale caught the balloon, and carried it rapidly over the Adriatic sea. At two in the afternoon he was perceived in those quarters, but at so great a distance that it was not possible to distinguish objects. By degrees the balloon descended into the sea, at the distance of about twenty-five miles from the Italian coast. A part of the car sunk into the water, and Zambeccari himself stood with half his body immersed. Hoping to reach the shore, or to meet with some vessel, he cast his anxious looks around, but perceived only sky and water. Still his courage did not forsake him: he thought that he could not be far from the coast; and the wind, which blew favourably for that quarter, would, he expected, carry him thither. But after he had waited a long time, and no coast appeared in the horizon, he wished, by climbing up the rope so as to have his whole body out of the water, to secure himself at least against sleep or stupefaction; and for that purpose drew the cable after him, which hung on his left side in the sea. But how great was his astonishment, to find that the anchor had caught at the bottom, and consequently prevented the balloon from moving! He instantly saw the necessity of cutting the cable: but by what means was he to effect this? he had no instruments, nor even the use of his hands; for his right hand was frozen, and the left shattered. Necessity prompted his invention: he broke the lens of a telescope, seized the cord with his teeth, and sawed it through; which, from its being wet and made of silk, was the more practicable. At length he succeeded in getting his machine afloat: a fair wind drove it towards the Italian coast; and Zambeccari did the utmost in his power, by using his arm as a rudder, to help it forward.

After proceeding nearly fifteen miles in this manner, he met seven fishing-smacks that had run out from Magnavacca. The first four, as soon as they perceived the singular machine on the water, were struck with a panic and instantly made away from it. Fortunately the three others were less fearful. They however approached very slowly and cautiously; but when they perceived the object distinctly, one of them spread his sails, and made all possible haste towards it.

It was indeed now become absolutely necessary that something should be done for his preservation: he had been standing already four hours in the water! the car continued to sink deeper, and the water literally reached to his neck. The fishermen did their utmost; but the act of saving him was attended not merely with trouble but with danger. They in vain tried to retain the balloon; which, as soon as it was lightened, rose up with great vehemence, and took a direction first towards Comachio, and afterwards to the Levant.

The hospitable fishermen used every means in their power to refresh their guest. Notwithstanding the fatigues which he had undergone, his vigorous mind still maintained its energy. He spent a tolerably tranquil night on board the bark; and the next morning he reached Magnavacca, and proceeded thence to Comachio, where the delegate of the prefecturate received him with the greatest kindness.

In the mean time how anxious a solicitude did his uncertain destiny excite in every breast at Bologna! Even this, however, was scarcely equalled by the tumult of exultation with which Zambeccari was received there on his return. It was the triumph of philosophy. The only diminution to this unbounded joy, was the unfortunately critical state of his health. It was

feared that he would lose his right hand; but he has fortunately escaped with the loss of two fingers of it: and let us hope that the happy result of this dreadful event will be, the future completion of this experiment to govern the balloon at pleasure.

MISCELLANEOUS.

VIRGIL'S TOMB.

After ascending a paved mountain with some difficulty, and an unpaved footpath with still more, on reaching a cool nook in a rock we find ourselves at the entrance of a cave which internally forms a regular arched square. Round about are small niches hewn in the rock, where the urns stood; and whoever has seen the grave of the priestess at Pompeii, will not doubt a moment that all this cave has been a burial-place. But why that of Virgil? This I am not competent to answer. The number of niches evinces much rather that it was, as at Pompeii, a family-vault. But Virgil was a native of Mantua, and had no family at Naples: we may therefore conclude that it is a delusion if we here imagine ourselves in the cave that held the remains of the great Roman bard. It unfortunately also does not appear that travellers of any rank or condition visiting this place, are inspired with particularly sublime emotions; for the first thing they do is to forget Virgil completely, and scratch their own names on the wall. We might enlist whole regiments here from all nations. It is shocking to think of what thousands the good Virgil must thus drag with him into eternity.

Opposite the entrance of the cave is a marble table fastened in the rock, on which we may read an insignificant inscription that has been often copied. The spaces between the lines are filled with thenames of travellers. Here stands the name of Gustavus the Third of Sweden: but written only with a lead pencil, and so much effaced that we must believe it on the word of the cicerone. Here is also seen that of the late Sir William Hamilton; which a Frenchman, in the ardour of his zeal for liberty, would have erased with his sabre amidst loud imprecations. Sir Sidney Smith's name too is here; whom the French hero would have spared less, if the English hero had not been close behind him. I found likewise the name of the Russian Orpheus, the organist Himmel. Many ladies have forgotten here that they should engrave their names in hearts, and not on stones.

I have seen very little of the laurels which are said to sprout, unplanted and indestructible, from Virgil's tomb. Laurel-trees are to be found indeed every where in this part, but poetical sprigs scarcely any where.

[*Kotzebue's Travels in Italy.*

A SCENE OF HORROR AT NAPLES.

As I was one morning passing through a populous street, I perceived a crowd of people assembled before the stall of a shoemaker, round a woman lying on the ground. It being a custom with me to neglect no opportunity of watching the people, I pushed through towards the place; where lay *a woman dying*. At the same time I heard from the lips of many by-standers the words (which chilled my blood), "*She is dying of hunger.*" The sight of the suffering creature confirmed this but too powerfully. She was scarcely covered with rags, and appeared a miserable skeleton of about thirty or forty. She lay on the pavement close by the shoemaker's stall; and by her side stood a broken straw bottomed chair which had been pushed towards her. That she was in the agonies of death was evident. No one passed without standing a moment to survey the hideous spectacle; but all went on again as soon as they had satisfied their curiosity without attempting to assist her. I had pushed through the crowd, till I was the nearest to her. With my purse in my hand, I prayed for God's sake, I called on the holy Virgin, that

some one would have mercy on her ; but in vain ! In the open stall were a master and two journeymen : I offered them all I had by me if they would take the woman in, and lay her on a bed ; but to no purpose. One of the men actually laughed ; probably at my bad Italian. It is some consolation to me to think that the dying person understood my motions, if not my words ; for her look rested on me, and I was the last object on which her closing eye was fixed. Upon that, she immediately died !

I was still not disposed to believe it ; I retained the hope of being able to save her, and therefore continued to keep my post near her : but a person, probably a physician, passing by, took hold of her hand, and feeling her pulse, pronounced with great composure, "*She is dead*," and went on. I also now stepped back to a little distance, but did not leave the street, that I might witness the end of this scene. The corpse lay a quarter of an hour in the street, stared at by thousands ; till at length some sbirri came and dragged it away. Yes : I now deprecate this horrid incident before all Europe. I say aloud, *On the fourth of December* 1804, *at ten in the morning, a human being perished with hunger in the street Giacomo, one of the most populous streets in the city of Naples.*—N.B. The king went to the chase to-day ; when I saw twenty or thirty dogs passing, and all in excellent condition.

[*Ibid.*

GRIEF.

Perfect grief shuns ostentation as sedulously as genuine piety.—The wan eye of sorrow loves to gaze on its sacred hoard of treasured woe ; but never sounds a trumpet before it in the streets. A true child of affliction wrote the following lines.

Come *smiles*, come gay attire, and *hide*
The anguish rankling in my breast ;
I'll lay my sable garb aside,
And *seem* to *cold* enquirers *blest.*
Yes—I will happy triflers join,
As when Grief's dart beside me flew,
And peace and all its joys were mine,
And sorrow *but by name* I knew :
Ere death had seal'd the cruel doom,
And call'd thee, ***, to the tomb.
Hard was the stroke, but oh ! I hate
The sacred pomp of grief to shew ;
Thron'd in my breast, in secret state,
Shall live the rev'rend form of woe ;
For observation would degrade
The homage to her empire paid.
I hate the tear which pity gives ;
I'm jealous of her *curious eye* :
The only balm my heart receives
Is from my own unheeded sigh.—
When veil'd in night, to sleep a foe,
I bend before the throne of woe,
A *face* of *smiles*, a *heart* of *tears* ;—
So in the church-yard realm of death,
The turf increasing verdure wears,
While all is *pale* and *dead* beneath.

THE TRUE POLICY OF FEMALES.

Women should be acquainted, that no beauty hath any charms, but the inward one of the mind ; and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of person : that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments ; for she that has these, is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating of children, for an affection to her husband, and submiting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable and give them the best title to our respect.

[*Epictetus.*

INDIFFERENCE.

Whilst resentment, envy, or malignity last, there is hope of these sentiments resolving into something of a kinder nature:—but if *indifference* once is acquired by a former friend, or by an adversary, all hope of accommodation is lost, as when "the season of youth is no more," inevitable and irremediable *age* succeeds.

"Less curs'd is he, whom *Hatred's* baneful power
Has drove, injurious, from Affection's seat;
Insulted *Love* will suffer but his hour,
And, aided by revenge, at last retreat.
Far happier he, who droops beneath the frown
Of scornful Beauty's well-affected pride;
Hope may befriend, and *Time* his wishes crown—
To me revenge and hope are both denied;
For love, like youth, its tender moments past,
No force, no art, no accidents restore!
Age and *indifference* will *for ever* last,
While, vainly, we their frigid powers deplore."

THE CRIMINAL.

TALK not to him of better days. Can all the drops of heaven restore to vegetation a withered tree? Can the shrouded corpse feel pride in the gay trappings of the living? The hollow moaning of the wind; the thickest glooms of night are more congenial to the miserable.—Rejoice, ye light-hearted; because innocent, rejoice! The flowery way, the sunny path, the smilingly inviting perspective are yours.—But the remorse-struck, broken hearted criminal can only view about him the pall, the winding sheet, the coffin, and the grave.

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SELECT SENTENCES.

How can any person of *real* feeling agree with Lord Shaftsbury, that "ridicule is the test of truth."—Truth has *courage*—but no *effrontery*, and is very liable to be laughed out of countenance.

The recollection of having been of service to a fellow creature conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which it is difficult to describe, but which Shakespeare expressed thus:—"It comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear;

——"Like the sweet south
That breaths upon a bank of violets."

It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. *They* are constructed to do good to others *for their own sakes.*

How true it is that a weak, or contemptible man of high rank, or in an eminent situation in life, is like a man on the top of a steeple—from whence all the world seem *little* to him—and where *he* seems *little* in the eyes of all the world, as the poet says of other powerless, would-be-great things,

"For lo! he takes a giant's stride!
His strength of mind to shew;
So have I seen a beetle wade
Along the grass—then climb a blade,
Exult—and fall below!"

METHINKS there is a certain pure delicate pride, in an ingenuous nature, which temps it to *fall short*, even of that praise it thinks is due, and which it languishes to bestow, lest it should be mistaken for adulation.

POETRY.

FOR THE WEEKLY VISITANT.

EASE.

Of all the blessings which kind heav'n
To mortal man has ever giv'n,
And suited most to please,
Is a delightful, charming thing,
And which my muse admires to sing,
I mean, sweet, lolling ease.

How much I love to dose at night,
When ev'ry trouble's out of sight!
That hour with joy I seize,
When half asleep and half awake,
A cordial gape or yawn I take,
And feel myself at ease.

Nature for sweet content has made
The running brook and cooling shade;
For when beneath the trees
I'm laid, and shelter'd from the sun,
And hear the distant riv'let run,
I feel myself at ease.

Where'er I go, whate'er I do,
The object that I have in view,
Than which none else can please,
Is a delightful, charming thing,
And which my muse admires to sing,
I mean, sweet, lolling ease.

SEMIRUS.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

Thanks Hymen, god of nuptial ties!
At length I've found, with glad surprize,
A pair in thy strict bonds united,
Who, with each other still delighted,
Declar'd with conscious joy elate,
True blessings crown'd the marriage state.

One will, two souls to action mov'd,
Still each the other's choice approv'd;
What she disdain'd, he too rejected,
What he approv'd, she too respected;
Those ills which others robb'd of rest,
O'er them no evil power possest;
Their hearts, grief's entrance could not fear,
For love, true love, was sentry there.

Lovers, we know, when they unite,
Bound by the sacred marriage right,
Their faults from those they love conceal,
For love will lie, as well as steal;
But they, tho' fast by Hymen bound,
No changes in each other found,
No secret error came to light,
Which love or art had veil'd from sight;
And when life's ebbing sand was spent,
Uninjured still was their content,
And the last kiss they gave and took,
Joy, like their first caresses spoke;
"Blest pair! they died then, did they?"
"Yes."
"And when, I pray you?" "can't you guess?"
Another world death bade them seek
When they'd been married just *a week*;
Else I must own 'tis my conviction,
All I have said had been a fiction.

THE SAME AS AN EPITAPH.

ANONYMOUS.

Here lies a constant pair below,
Who knew not matrimonial woe,
And ne'er express'd a wish to part!
Love the sole regent of the heart.
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd,
And life's last sands were sands of gold.
What precious grains! what charming weather!
You ask how long they liv'd together?
From good authority I speak—
They liv'd together—*one whole week.*

THE COMPLAINT.

ANON.

To yonder heath-clad mountain's brow,
That swells above the vale,
And yonder stream that winds below,
I'll pour my woe fraught tale.

'Twas there young Strephon first es-
My easy heart to gain; [say'd
'Twas there he sigh'd, 'twas there he pray'd,
Nor sigh'd, nor pray'd in vain.

Along thy flowery banks, sweet stream,
Together would we stray;
And talk of love transporting theme!
The live-long summer day.

Heard ye, ye minstrels of the grove,
Ye tenants of the shade,
The warm effusion of his love,
The tender vows he made?

Each fanning gale that floated by,
Soft breathing from the west,
New softness stole from each fond sigh
That heav'd my suitor's breast.

But ah! as wooes the transient gale
The blossom on the tree,
Or bees the flowret of the dale,
So wooed false Strephon me.

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

"To note the passing tidings of the times."

SALEM, JUNE 7—14, 1806.

9. Capt. Chapman, of the schooner Aphia, arrived yesterday from Guadaloupe, reports that he was fired at from an English sloop of war mounting 14 guns, on Saturday last, and two thirds of his fore-mast shot away. He was afterwards boarded by her officers and his papers examined. It is said that she brings to every vessel entering our harbour.

It is said, that the Leander and other British ships have again appeared off the harbour of New-York.

10. Accounts by the way of New-York, confirm the report of the capture of part of Miranda's squadron by the Spanish; and that they had gone in pursuit of the remainder.

11. His Excellency Caleb Strong, esq. was this day declared to be re-elected Governor of Massachusetts; and Gen. William Heath, was declared to be elected Lieutenant-Governor. Gen. Heath has declined the office.

12. Another general massacre of the whites is reported to have taken place at Cape Francois, by order of Dessalines. Upwards of 100 persons were sacrificed on the nights of the 14th and 15th of May.

13. At the last term of the Superior Court in the county of Grafton, N.H. two bills of indictment were found, against Josiah Burnham, one for the murder of Joseph Starkweather, jr. and the other for the murder of Russel Freeman, esq. On Monday, the 2nd inst. he was brought to trial on the first indictment. The evidence was too clear and explicit to admit of doubts. The jury retired, and after a short consultation agreed that the prisoner was guilty. July 15th is appointed for his execution.

MARRIED,

In this town, Mr. Lewis Folsom, to Miss Eunice Deland. Mr. James Kensey, to Miss Lydia Owen.

At Ipswich, Mr. Francis Pulsifer, of Salem, to Miss Martha Hodgkins, of Ipswich.

DIED,

In Boston, John Avery esq. aged 67, Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

In Danvers, Col. Jeremiah Page, aged 83.

In this town, Mr. Samuel Symonds, jr. aged 28. Mr. Cornelius Bartlett.—Master Benjamin Palfray, aged 6, son of Mr. Warwick P. A Child of Capt. Joseph Lambert.

This Day Published, and for Sale at this Office—Price 20 cents,

A SERMON,

Preached before the Massachusetts Missionary Society, at their Annual Meeting in Boston, May 27, 1806.—*By Joseph Barker, A. M. Pastor of the First Church in Middleborough.*

Salem, June 14.

PUBLISHED BY HAVEN POOL.

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